

Jeffersonian Republican.

Richard Nugent, Editor

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

[and Publisher]

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JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance.—Two dollars a quarter, half yearly, and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

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DELAWARE ACADEMY.

The Trustees of this Institution, have the pleasure of announcing to the public, and particularly to the friends of education, that they have engaged Ira B. NEWMAN, as Superintendent and Principal of their Academy.

The Trustees invite the attention of parents and guardians, who have children to send from home, to this Institution. They are fitting up the building in the first style, and its location from its retired nature is peculiarly favorable for a boarding school. It commands a beautiful view of the Delaware river, near which it is situated, and the surrounding scenery such as the lover of nature will admire—it is easily accessible the Eason and Milford Stages pass it daily, and only 8 miles distant from the latter place, and a more salubrious section of country can nowhere be found. No fears need be entertained that pupils will contract pernicious habits, or be seduced into vicious company—it is removed from all places of resort and those inducements to neglect their studies that are furnished in large towns and villages.

Board can be obtained very low and near the Academy. Mr. Daniel W. Dingman, jr. will take several boarders, his house is very convenient, and students will there be under the immediate care of the Principal, whose reputation, deportment and guardianship over his pupils, afford the best security for their proper conduct, that the Trustees can give or parents and guardians demand.

The course of instruction will be thorough adapted to the age of the pupil and the time he designs to spend in literary pursuits. Young men may qualify themselves for entering upon the study of the learned professions or for an advanced stand at College for mercantile pursuits, for teaching or the business of common life, useful will be preferred to ornamental studies, nevertheless so much of the latter attended to as the advanced stages of the pupil's education will admit. The male and female department will be under the immediate superintendence of the Principal, aided by a competent male or female Assistant. Lessons in music will be given to young ladies on the Piano Forte at the boarding house of the principal, by an experienced and accomplished Instructress. Summer Session commences May 4th.

EXPENSES.

Board for Young Gentleman or Ladies with the Principal, per week, \$1 50
Pupils from 10 to 15 years of age from \$1 to \$1 25
Tuition for the Classics, Belles-Lettres, French &c., per quarter, 2 00
Extra for music, per quarter, 5 00
N. B. A particular course of study will be marked out for those who wish to qualify themselves for Common School Teachers with reference to that object; application made for teachers to the trustees or principal will meet immediate attention.

Lectures on the various subjects of study will be delivered by able speakers, through the course of year.

By order of the Board,

DANIEL W. DINGMAN, Pres't
Dingman's Ferry, Pike co., Pa., May 2 1840

NOTICE.

The Book of Subscription to the Stock of the Upper Lehigh Navigation Company, will be reopened at Stoddardsville, on Wednesday, the 15th day of July ensuing, when subscriptions will be received for the balance of stock which remains yet open. At the same time and place the Stockholders will elect a board of Directors.

Charles Truamp,
John S. Comfort,
Henry W. Drinker
William P. Clark,
Commissioners

June 16, 1840.

N. B. Proposals will be received at Stoddardsville, on Thursday the 16th day of July ensuing, for doing the work either wholly or in jobs, required by building a lock and inclined plane with the necessary grading, fixtures and machinery for passing rafts descending the Lehigh over the Falls at Stoddardsville. It is expected that the work will be commenced as soon as practicable and be completed with despatch.

From the Jerseyman. Matti's Lament. TUNE, Billy Barlow.

I'm tired of hearing of Whiggish returns,
With hate to the party my bosoms now burns;
If they'd pull down their cabins and let Old Tip go
We can have a good sail under Loco Foco.
Oh, dear! I wish it were so,
But they will not do it I certainly know.
The clouds in the West are beginning to rise,
The smoke of their cabins ascend to the skies;
The hard cider casks are all ranged in a row,
And they soon will overwhelm every Loco Foco.
Oh, dear! 'tis dreadful I know,
Their cider will drown every Loco Foco.

The great Standing Army and Treasury Bill
Are censured by the Whigs over valley and hill;
And they are determined things shan't be so,
For they will not submit to a Loco Foco.
Oh, dear! how strangely things go,
While under the magic of Loco Foco.

But we must arouse now, and arm for the fight,
We'll darken their counsels and put them to flight;
We'll quibble, and lie, and keep up a fair show,
And make people think that these things are not so.
Oh, dear! how faint I do grow—
Oh! tell Amos Kendall write things are not so.

The East and the West, the North and the South
Have opened their eyes and have opened their mouth;
And they have declared for Old Tip they will go,
And turn out of office each Loco Foco.
Oh, dear! how faint I do grow—
Oh! tell Doctor Duncan to save a Loco.

Soon Autumn will come and hard cider be made,
And log cabins be raised to shelter our head;
They will keep out old foxes, and possums, and snow,
While the winds of November from every source blow.
Oh, now I feel chilly, I'm dying I know,
The Doctor can't save a poor Loco Foco.

Wyoming Sketches.

(CONTINUED.)

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrouding-sheet—
O, a pit of clay, for to be made,
For such a guest is meet.

The visit to the field where the battle commenced, was no farther of special interest than that it enabled us to test the descriptive accuracy of the books. We traced the position of the enemy's line when receiving the attack, and surveyed the tangled morass through which the Indians penetrated to gain the rear of the left wing of the Americans, commanded by Colonel Dennison. But although the imagination bodied forth the hostile columns—the grim savage, the fierce loyalist, and the high souled combatant for freedom—in close and deadly conflict, yet the silence was unbroken, either by war-whoop or the clash of steel.

Returning from the field where the strife commenced, we visited the monument which the people of Wyoming have commenced building, in honor of their patriotic ancestors who fell upon this consecrated aceldama. It stands upon the Eastern side of the highway, about half a mile South of the village of Troy, and near the line where the fury of the battle ceased—not far, moreover, from the spot where, some months after the conflict, the remains of the dead were collected and buried. The monument is to consist of a simple obelisk, of perhaps twenty feet diameter at the base, to be carried up to the height of fifty or sixty feet. The material is an inferior species of granite, quarried in the neighborhood. The foundation has been deeply and substantially laid, and the superstructure carried up some ten or twelve feet above the ground. And here the work rests for want of funds. An application was made by the people of Wyoming to the Legislature of Connecticut, at its sitting in May last, for aid in the completion of this work of piety and patriotism. The case was ably presented to, and enforced upon, that body, by a committee from Wyoming, at the head of which was Charles Miner—but without present success. We trust, however, that the application will be renewed and pressed home upon the consciences of the people of Connecticut until they are made to feel and acknowledge the justice of the claim, and grant the petition.—Why should they not? The towns in Wyoming, during the whole of the war of the revolution, though not exactly an integral part of Connecticut, yet as much belonged to that state as did New London, Norwalk, Danbury or Fairfield. These towns, which were burnt and desolated by the enemy, received remuneration from that state. But neither of them suffered the horrors of Wyoming; and although Wyoming contributed its full proportion of revenue to the treasury of the state, and raised a goodly number of the "Connecticut line," and poured out her best blood like water, and almost swelled the torrent of the Susquehanna with her tears, yet of compensation she never received a dollar. And now that she appeals for a few thousand dollars to perpetuate the remembrance of the martyrs who bled, and the cause in which they fell, it would be a burning shame—a disgrace which every son of Connecticut should forever feel—to have the petition denied.

At a house near by the monument, preserved, as they should be, with holy care, are such of the bones of the slain as have been from time to time collected. These are to be deposited in a chamber of the monument. We called to examine them, and the view was one of deep and melancholy interest—especially as we handled the skulls—

"Once of ethereal spirit full"

Several of the larger bones—of thighs, and arms, and shoulder-blades, were perforated with bullet-holes—rifle-balls, evidently, by the size. Every skull which we examined, save one, bore the mark of the deadly tomahawk, and taught us the process of the savage operation. The Indians seem not to have struck vertically downward, but by a glancing side blow, chipping out a piece from the crown, of two or three inches diameter. One of the skulls had received two strokes of the hatchet; a cut as just described upon the crown, and a second in the side of the head, just by the ear. The half hour spent in the contemplation of these relics, was a season, it may be hoped, of profitable reflection. We thought of Byron's lines—equally striking and familiar—upon a skull. The following stanzas are also apposite, and scarcely less poetical:—

Behold this ruin! 'twas a skull,—
This narrow cell was life's retreat.
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beautiful pictures filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mould'ring canopy,
Once shone the bright and lovely eye;
But start not at the dismal void!
If social care that eye employed,—
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed—
That eye shall be forever bright,
When suns and stars have lost their light!

Here, in this silent cavern, hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;—
If falsehood's flattery it disclaimed,
And where it could not praise, was chained,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke—
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee,
When death unveils Eternity!

But our time for indulging in the sentimental was short—the declining sun giving us an admonition that it was time to be wending our way back to Wilkesbarre for the night. In re-passing (now in recollection) the quiet residence of good old Father Bidlac, an anecdote of him occurs, which was omitted by accident in the account given of him in a late number. In the course of the war he once became a prisoner to the enemy. Like Hamlet's Yorick, he was, when young, a fellow of a comic turn, and of infinite humor—and as strong and athletic at least as the shorn Samson. And as with Samson, the Philistines into whose hands he fell would faint, from day to day, bring Bidlac forth to make them sport.—He sang capital songs—among which was one called "The Swaggering Man"—each verse ending—

"And away went the swaggering man."
This was a favorite song with the captors, and they urged him repeatedly to sing it—which he very cheerfully did—for he was as full of fun as any of them—insisting, however, that they must enlarge their circle, and give him space "to act the part."—And this he did to admiration—at least in one instance. Having by his conduct allayed all suspicion of sinister intentions, and induced his guards to give him ample room to exercise his limbs while singing their favorite song, as he sang the last line—

"And away went the swaggering man"—
suiting the action to the words, he sprang from the circle like the leap of a panther, and bounded away with a fleetness that distanced competition, and gained his liberty.

We have noted in a former number the error of the books, wherein it is stated that, with the campaign and the massacre of 1778, hostilities ceased in the valley of Wyoming. Such was not the fact, but as the fugitives who escaped those dreadful scenes returned, and commenced their settlements, as it were, anew, bands of the savages returned also to hang upon the outskirts, killing or making prisoners of such stragglers as they could find, and keeping the country in a state of perpetual alarm. While at Wyoming, the manuscript diary kept during the several years of the revolution, by one of those returning settlers, a Mr. Jenkins, was placed in our hands, from which a few passages have been transcribed:

"January 11th, 1780.—A party of men set out to go through the swamp, (across the Pocono range) on snow-shoes, the snow about three feet deep.

"Feb. 2d.—Two soldiers went to Capowes, and froze themselves very badly.

"Feb. 7th.—Colonel Butler set out for New England.

"March 27th.—Bennet and son, and Hammond, taken and carried off—supposed to be done by the Indians. The same day Upson killed and scalped near William Stewart's house, and young Rogers taken.

"March 28th.—Several scouting parties sent out but made no discoveries of the enemy.

"March 29th.—Esquire Franklin went to Huntingdon on a scout, and was attacked by the Indians, at or near his own house, and two of his party murdered—Ransom and Parker.

"March 30th.—[Under this date the diary records the return of Bennet and his son, and Mr. Hammond, who had escaped from their captors, after killing three of the six, and wounding the others, as narrated in our last. It is added that they travelled four days without food, on the snow, and barefooted.]

"Mrs. Pike came in this day, and informed

that she and her husband were in the woods making sugar, and were surrounded by a party of about thirty Indians, who had several prisoners with them, and two horses. They took her husband and carried him off with them, and painted her and sent her in. They killed the horses before they left the cabin where she was. One of the prisoners told her that the Indians had killed three or four men at Fishing Creek.

"Captain Spaulding set out for Philadelphia this morning, &c. This day the Indians took Jones, Avery and Lion, at Cooper's.

"May 17th.—Sergeant Baldwin went to Lackawana, and found a man which ran away from the Indians, and brought him in. He informed that he was taken by a party of ten Indians and one tory, near Fort Allen. This day the people were alarmed on both sides of the river. William Terry came in from Delaware, in the evening, and informed that about sun-rise this morning he saw a party of Indians near the Laurel Run, and several parties between that and the fort, by reason of which he was detained until at that time in coming in.

"May 18th.—Several reconnoitering parties sent out, but made no discoveries except a few tracks in the road near the mountain.

"June 10th.—A party of our men brought in three tories, which they took at Waysock's. These set out from New York with the intent to travel through the country to Niagara—Bowman and son, Hover, and Philip Buck in company, but (the latter) made his escape when the others were taken.

"July 11th.—Bowman and Hover, and Sergeant Leaders, sent to head-quarters, in order for trial.

"Monday Sept. 4th.—Sergeant Baldwin and Serle came in from a scout, and brought in a horse and a quantity of plunder of different kinds, which they took from a party of Indians near Tunkhannock Creek, on Saturday before.

"Thursday, Sept. 14th.—Lieutenant Myers, from Fort Allen, came into the fort, and said he had made his escape from the Indians the night before, and that he had been taken in the Scotch Valley, and that he had thirty-three men with him, which he commanded. He was surrounded by the Indians, and thirteen of his men killed, and three taken. This day we heard that Fort Jenkins and Hervey's mills were burnt.

"December 6th.—In the evening, a party of tories and Indians took some prisoners from Shawanee—[West of the river, two miles below Wilkesbarre.] Did no other damage, except taking a small quantity of plunder.

"December 7th.—A party of our men sent after them, and pursued them three days, and gave out.

"January 23d, 1781.—Captain Mitchell came to Wyoming, in order to release Colonel Butler.

"January 24th.—Capt. Selin and myself set out for Philadelphia.

These are all the memoranda of any interest, contained in the old manuscripts of Mr. Jenkins—or rather Lieut. John Jenkins, as we ought to say, in order to distinguish him from his patriotic father, who bore the same name, and was also a patriot of that valley. The father, Col. John Jenkins, presided at the meeting of the inhabitants of the valley, at the beginning of the troubles, when resolutions that make the blood thrill through the heart were adopted, in direct hostility to the unconstitutional acts of the British Parliament. The old gentleman was an active patriot after the massacre, when he removed to Orange county, in the state of N. York, where he closed an honorable and well spent life.

Lieut. John Jenkins, from whose journals the preceding passages have been extracted, was taken prisoner by a party of Indians, while on a reconnoitering party, near Wyalusing, about fifty miles above Wyoming, in Nov. 1777, and carried to Niagara. It happened that, at the same time, the Americans held captive at Albany a distinguished Indian warrior, for whom Col. John Butler determined to exchange Mr. Jenkins. For this purpose he sent the latter to the American lines, under a strong escort of Indians. But the party was short of provisions, and from the fatigues of the march, and other privations, Mr. Jenkins almost perished. Nay, he came near being murdered in one of the drunken carousals of the Indians, and was only saved by the fidelity of one of the younger warriors, whom he had succeeded in securing as his friend. This faithful savage kept himself perfectly sober, in order to the more effectual preservation of the life of his prisoner.

On the arrival of the party in the neighborhood of Albany, it was ascertained that the chief for whom Jenkins was to have been exchanged had died of the small pox. The Indians, greatly incensed at this loss of a favorite warrior, were resolved upon taking Jenkins back with them into captivity, and Jenkins himself believed it was their intention to murder him as soon as they should have withdrawn beyond striking distance from Albany. His release, however, was ultimately negotiated, and he made his way back to Wyoming, to the company of his friends, and the embrace of his young wife, to whom he had been recently married.

Lieut. Jenkins was an active officer during the whole contest, and signalized himself in several brisk affairs with the Indians. When General Sullivan marched from Wyoming to lay waste the Genessee country, he selected Lieut. Jenkins for his guide or conductor. He fought bravely in the battle of Newtown, and after the close of the war, was for many years a surveyor in the Susquehanna and Genessee countries. He became an influential citizen in Wyoming, and held various important offices—sometimes representing the county of Luzerne in the Legislature of Pennsylvania. He died only about eleven years ago—greatly respected by all who knew him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YANKEE PEDLAR.—A clever trick was played by a Yankee pedlar upon one of the captains of a steamboat running from New York to Albany on the Hudson river. The Yankee was fully aware of the custom of putting persons on shore who attempted to gain a passage for nothing, and his destination was to a place called Poughkeepsie, about half way between N. York and Albany. He therefore waited very quietly until he was within a mile of Poughkeepsie, and then went up to the captain. "Well, captain, I like to do things on the square, that's a fact; I might have said nothing to you, and run up the whole way to Albany—and to Albany I must go, on particular business that's a fact; but I thought it more honorable to tell you at once, I haven't a cent in my pocket; I have been unfortunate; but by the 'tarnal, I'll pay you my passage money as soon as I get it. You see I tell you now, that you mayn't say that I cheat you; for pay you I will, that's a fact." The captain, indignant, as usual, at being tricked, called him certain names, swore a small quantity, and as he arrived at Poughkeepsie, as a punishment put him ashore at the very place the keen Yankee wished to be landed.

In a city well known to every body if they can find out the name—a poetical genius was hauled up before a poetical magistrate for kissing a girl and kicking up a dust, and the following interesting dialogue ensued:

Mag.—Is your name John Jay?

Pris.—Yes, your honor, so the people say.

Mag.—Was it you that kissed the girl and raised the alarm?

Pris.—Yes, your honor, but I thought it was no harm.

Mag.—You rascal! did you come here to make rhymes?

Pris.—No your honor, but it will happen so sometimes.

Mag.—Be off you scamp, get out of my sight.

Pris.—Thank'e your honor, then I'll bid you good night.—N. Y. Union.

AN ALLIGATOR STORY.—Founded on Fact—While the music and fireworks were going on at Bayou La Branche on Sunday evening, an alligator popped his long, black snout out of the water, and, speaking in the original Choctaw, wished politely to know what was the meaning of such proceedings.

A young gentleman present, either not understanding the language, or deeming the intrusion an insult, immediately dashed into the sea, "accoutred as he was," and jumped upon the creature's back.

Considerable splashing and floundering ensued, for the young man wanted to make a horse of the alligator, and in doing so he proved himself a "horse," so that there was half horse, half alligator and enough over to make a good sized catfish.

The young man succeeded, and there is no joke about this part, in dragging the alligator ashore, where he was formally introduced to the company and indulged with a view of the fireworks.

As his story was translated to us by the interpreter, it seems nothing but simple curiosity brought him to the place. He meant no offence he said, but felt extremely hungry, and if any gentleman would favor him with a leg or an arm he would esteem it as a personal obligation. He was neutral in politics, and intended to take no part in the coming contest. Though, he said, he had a proposition to offer our government, whereby he and his people wished to be employed against the Florida Indians.

His case will, in all probability, undergo further investigation.—Picayune.

THE MANY HEADED WHEAT.—The many headed wheat is an indigenous plant of California, six heads of which were procured by Major Spering from a man in the Osage nation of Indians, who had been trading in the Pacific Ocean. The six heads produced six bushels of grain, which were planted by Mr. Phipps, a farmer, of Abbeville, S. C., the production of which was ten thousand heads. The ground on which the wheat grew was measured by an accurate surveyor—the heads counted—and one head shelled out, and the grain weighed; a calculation was then made, the result of which was, the wheat produced at the rate of two hundred and thirty bushels, to the acre. It was planted about the last of January, and cut on the 20th of June. The land on which it grew is poor and sandy, and was unassisted by manure.—Wilkes County (Geo.) News.